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MAD CAVE

DICK TRACY

#7

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LIFE IS RANDOM. IT'S CHAOS AND DISORDER, OUR LIVES REVOLVING AROUND AN EMPTY CORE.

RANDOM.

MURDER IS ANYTHING BUT. IT SCREAMS **INTENT.**

KILLERS **CHOOSE** THEIR TARGETS. THEIR REASONS ARE VARIED AND, AT TIMES, INCOMPREHENSIBLE, BUT RARE IS THE CASE WHERE THE VICTIM HASN'T BEEN **SELECTED.**

EVEN IN CRIMES OF PASSION, THE KILLER HAS COMMITTED THAT MURDER DOZENS OF TIMES IN THEIR HEAD. DESPITE THE LOSS OF CONTROL, THEY KNOW **EXACTLY** WHO THEY'RE AFTER. AND **WHY.**

MURDERS AREN'T RANDOM. WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION...

WHAT'S THE *CONNECTION?*

STOOGE, HILLIKER BEFORE THAT, AND INKY BEFORE THAT. *THREE* KILLINGS, ALL BY THE SAME HAND.

THEY'RE ALL SCUMBAGS-- THAT'S WHAT CONNECTS THEM.

I DON'T BUY IT, PAT. IT'S MORE THAN THAT. THERE ARE PLENTY OF CRIMINALS IN THIS CITY... NOT ALL OF THEM WIND UP FILLED WITH STAB WOUNDS. AND THE WOUNDS THEMSELVES...

...IF YOU WANT SOMEONE DEAD, YOU CAN JUST PULL A TRIGGER. ANYONE CAN DO IT. BUT OUR KILLER... THEY LIKE TO GET *CLOSE.*

IT'S LIKE THEY WANT TO MAKE IT *PERSONAL.*

I'M WITH YOU, DICK.

I MEAN *TRACY.* I MEAN... DETECTIVE.

I STUDIED CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGY IN SCHOOL, AND ACCORDING TO THE TEXTBOOK, IN KILLING SPREES LIKE THIS, THERE'S *ALWAYS* A CONNECTION.

WELL, IF A *TEXTBOOK* SAYS IT--

IS THAT WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE?

SOME KIND OF *SPREE KILLER?*

WHICH MEANS... WHOEVER THIS PERSON IS, THEY'RE GOING TO KILL AGAIN.

YOU CAN BET ON IT!

EASY, TESS. WE DON'T KNOW *WHAT* WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE.

BEFORE ANYONE JUMPS TO CONCLUSIONS, LET'S COLLECT MORE FACTS, GET THEM IN ORDER AND *THEN* WE CAN PUT A LABEL ON THINGS.

YOU DIDN'T SEE WHAT I SAW, DICK. THE BLANK, OR... WHOEVER THEY ARE...HE'S GOING TO KILL AGAIN. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF WHO THE NEXT VICTIM WILL BE.

WHICH IS *WHY*...

...YOU CAN USE AN EXTRA SET OF EYES ON THIS ONE. I'M READY FOR THIS. I'VE STUDIED, I'VE READ THE BOOKS, I--

YOU'RE BARELY OLD ENOUGH TO SIT AT A BAR, LIZZ.

IT'S TOO DANGEROUS, KID. THE GROWNUPS WILL HANDLE THIS ONE.

I'M THINKING WE SHOULD GO HOME AND GET SOME REST, PAT.

WE'RE GOING TO NEED IT.

FINE, BUT I STILL WANT IN. I CAN HELP. I CAN STUDY THE VICTIMS, THE TIMES OF THE KILLINGS, THE LOCATIONS, SEE IF A PATTERN EMERGES. AND IF ONE *DOES*, THEN WE CAN PREDICT--

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. YOU DO THAT.

TRACY, WHAT'RE YOU THINKING?

OH, THE MEANEST THING YOU EVER DID WAS KISS ME... WHEN YOU DIDN'T MEAN YOUR KISSES AT ALL...

...MAKING LOVE TO ME THAT WAY, JUST TO PASS THE TIME OF DAY...

...WHAT DO YA WANT TO ACT SO SMART FOR?

WHAT DO YOU WANNA STEAL MY HEART FOR?

C'MON, TELL ME...IT'S JUST LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY...

I WAS WONDERING WHEN I'D SEE YOU AGAIN.

KEEP WORKING FOR A CRIMINAL, AND YOU'LL BE SEEING PLENTY OF ME, MS. MAHONEY.

ARE YOU SURE THERE AREN'T OTHER WAYS I CAN GET YOUR ATTENTION?

YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE YOU WERE EARLIER TONIGHT. AROUND 8:30.

I WAS WAITING FOR ***YOU.*** THOUGH SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M ***STILL*** WAITING.

AND SOMETHING TELLS ***ME*** YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME EVERYTHING.

OF COURSE I'M NOT TELLING YOU EVERYTHING. THAT'S WHAT GIVES US DAMES POWER OVER YOU MEN--

--SECRETS.

SECRETS CAN GET YOU INTO TROUBLE.

NOT ALL TROUBLE IS ***BAD,*** DETECTIVE. I CAN PROVE IT.

MAYBE ONE DAY. BUT FOR NOW--

DICK TRACY!

YOU KEEP SHOWING UP HERE, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE YOU A MEMBER.

ALTHOUGH THAT MIGHT BE DIFFICULT...

...SEEING THAT I HAVE A STRICT ***NO COPS ALLOWED*** POLICY.

I DIDN'T COME HERE TO CAUSE ANY TROUBLE.

YOU ***BEING HERE*** IS TROUBLE. MY CLIENTELE DOESN'T ***APPRECIATE*** A POLICE PRESENCE--EVEN IF IT IS AFTER HOURS.

I'D IMAGINE THEY DON'T. BUT WE NEED TO TALK, FANGS. EARLIER TONIGHT--

STOOGE WAS KILLED. I KNOW.

LET'S TAKE A WALK, DETECTIVE.

BREATHLESS--

--KEEP REHEARSING. DON'T STOP DOING WHAT YOU DO.

DON'T WORRY, IT COMES NATURALLY.

AND DICK, DON'T FORGET OUR PLANS--

--LET'S MAKE SOME ***TROUBLE*** TOGETHER.

TWO BOURBONS, EDDIE.

I DON'T DRINK--NOT WHILE ON DUTY.

IS THIS WHAT THIS IS? A BUSINESS CALL?

SEEMED RATHER...***PERSONAL*** BETWEEN YOU AND BREATHLESS.

LISTEN--

NO, *YOU* LISTEN.

MEN ARE GETTING KILLED. MEN WHO USED TO WORK FOR LIPS AND NOW, OSTENSIBLY, WORK FOR *ME.*

I'M NOT BEHIND THOSE MURDERS. IT'S BAD BUSINESS, AND THAT IS WHAT I AM-- A *BUSINESSMAN.* BELIEVE ME OR DON'T, THAT'S UP TO YOU. I OWN A NIGHTCLUB, AND I OWN IT LEGITIMATELY.

UNTIL YOU HAVE SOMETHING OTHER THAN A *HUNCH* CONNECTING ME TO THESE KILLINGS, I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU IN HERE AGAIN. NOT UNLESS YOU HAVE A WARRANT. AND EVEN THEN, THINK IT OVER.

I HAVE MY EYES ON YOU, FANGS.

DO WHAT SUITS YOU, TRACY. BUT IF YOU KEEP LOOKING AT ME, YOU MIGHT MISS PLENTY OF OTHER THINGS.

THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN POLICE WORK, IS THERE NOT?

HOW ABOUT THIS--YOU FIND THIS KILLER, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A REWARD.

I DON'T NEED YOUR MONEY, FANGS.

MONEY? DETECTIVE...

...WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT *MONEY?*

EVERY MAN WANTS *SOMETHING*-- EVEN YOUR KILLER.

"IT'S JUST A MATTER OF FIGURING OUT WHAT THEY'RE AFTER."

YOU KEPT HIM ALIVE.

MOST OF THESE STAB WOUNDS...THEY'RE NOT FATAL. YOU ***WANTED*** HIM TO SUFFER.

DID YOU WANT TO TELL HIM SOMETHING? IS THAT WHY YOU CHOSE HIM? IS THAT THE REASON--

TRACY.

TRACY.

THUMP

THE CITY TRIBUNE
SPREE KILLER ON THE LOOSE
By Tess Trueheart
BEST-SELLING WRITERS DID IT AGAIN!
TESS...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE...?

DAMN IT!

"TRACY! HEY, TRACY!"

POLICE STATION

BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR YOU, DETECTIVE. PAT SAID HE WENT BY YOUR PLACE LATE LAST NIGHT BUT YOU WEREN'T THERE.

ANYONE EVER THINK I WAS ASLEEP? I DO THAT FROM TIME TO TIME.

YOU SURE? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE--

YOU KNOW WHAT? NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

WHAT *IS* MY BUSINESS ARE THE THREE MURDER VICS THAT'VE COME THROUGH MY OFFICE. ALL STAB VICTIMS, AND ALL DONE IN BY *DIFFERENT* BLADES.

WHOEVER THIS IS...THEY KNOW THEIR KNIVES, AND THEY MAY HAVE A COLLECTION AT THEIR DISPOSAL.

IS THERE A WAY TO FIND OUT THE *EXACT* BLADES THAT WERE USED? WHO MANUFACTURED THEM? IF WE HAD THAT, WE CAN TRACE THE PURCHASE BACK TO LOCAL DEALERS.

UNFORTUNATELY, NO. I CAN TELL THE BLADES ARE DIFFERENT BASED ON THEIR *WOUNDS*, AND I CAN GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF THEIR SIZE, BUT OTHERWISE...THERE'S *NO WAY* TO LINK THEM TOGETHER.

I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT, DOC.

GOT ANYTHING FOR ME, PAT?

IF I HAD A FEW HOURS SLEEP, I'D SEND IT YOUR WAY. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN AWAKE FOR A WEEK, DICK.

YOU DON'T EXACTLY LOOK FRESH YOURSELF. YOU WORKING A SIDE GIG?

I *WISH.* COULD USE THE CASH. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

I SPOKE TO FOSTER-- HE SAYS THE PERP HAS BEEN USING DIFFERENT KNIVES FOR EACH KILL. HE'S *NOT* JUST A MANIAC WITH A BUTCHER KNIFE.

IT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING. A CASE I WORKED WHEN I WALKED THE BEAT.

DAMN IT. I COULD'VE SWORN IT--

--WAIT.

YOU FOUND SOMETHING?

I THINK SO.

YOU EVER HEARD OF MONTY HEAPHEAT? STREET NAME OF *OPEN-MIND MONTY?*

CAN'T SAY THAT I HAVE. IS HE ONE OF LIPS'S GUYS?

NO, HE'S JUST A KILLER FOR HIRE. MONTY WAS STABBED AS A KID, THEN WENT TO THE SLAMMER A FEW TIMES FOR DIFFERENT REASONS. ALL INVOLVING *KNIVES.*

GUESS HIS RUN-IN WITH THE BLADE STUCK WITH HIM. POOR GUY.

HIS VICTIMS DESERVE YOUR SYMPATHY, NOT THIS CREEP. BUT HERE'S THE STINGER, PAT--

--MONTY'S OUT ON *PAROLE.* THEY LET HIM OUT TWO WEEKS AGO.

RIGHT WHEN THE MURDERS STARTED.

LET'S GO. WE CAN GRAB HIS ADDRESS FROM THE FRONT DESK--

PAT, *UH*--MR. PAT? BEFORE YOU GO--

MEET ME OUT FRONT, PAT--DON'T DRAG YOUR FEET.

KID, WHADDAYA NEED?

I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING--A DETAIL THAT MIGHT--

LOOK, GROVE, YOU'RE NICE AND ALL--BUT TRACY AND I ARE WORKING THE ACTUAL CASE RIGHT NOW.

CALL ME WHEN YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING CONCRETE--LIKE THE KILLER ON ICE. UNTIL THEN, CALL US IF ANYTHING DEVELOPS, ALL RIGHT?

YEAH, YEAH...ALL RIGHT.

HE'S GOTTA KNOW WE'RE COMING--IT'S TOO PERFECT.

THAT'S WHAT HAS ME WORRIED, PAT.

WHEN SOMETHING FITS JUST RIGHT...

...YOU HAVE TO WONDER WHETHER THE PERP...

...JUST WANTS TO BE CAUGHT...

COULD SMELL YOU COPS MORE'N A MILE AWAY. BLAST 'EM, BOYS.

DOWN, PAT, DOWN!

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM BLAM

URGGHHHHH!

THWUP

THEY'VE GOT US OUTGUNNED, DICK--THIS ISN'T...

DICK? TRACY?

KEEP BLASTIN' 'EM! THEY CAN'T KEEP UP!

klik

AW, SHIT.

DROP YOUR GUNS AND TURN AROUND. WE'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

WHADDAYA WANT WITH US, *HUH?* WE'RE JUST OUT HERE LIVIN' OUR LIVES, TRYING TO SURVIVE. YOU GUYS GO AROUND TOPPLIN' BOAT HOUSES FOR FUN?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR MONTY. YOU SEEN HIM?

SURE I SEEN 'IM, HE'S MY BROTHER FER CHRIST'S SAKE. MY NAME'S ***STICKS.*** WHY'RE YOU LOOKING FOR MONTY? HASN'T HE SUFFERED ENOUGH--

WE JUST WANT TO ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS, THAT'S ALL.

CAN'T YOU PIGS LEAVE HIM IN PEA--

LISTEN, STICKS--WE KNOW YOUR BROTHER LIKES CUTTING PEOPLE UP. WE KNOW HE LIKES USING SHARP THINGS ON SOFT PEOPLE. BRING HIM OUT HERE.

HEHEH, YOU'RE JOKING, RIGHT? THIS SOME KIND OF SICK COP PRANK?

DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M LAUGHING, YOU PRICK?

PAT--

TAKE US TO MONTY. *NOW.*

WHATEVER YOU SAY, OFFICER. YOU WANT TO SEE MONTY? WELL COME ON...

...BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YA.

STAY ALERT, PAT.

I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS PLACE, THIS BOATHOUSE. EVERYTHING'S STOLEN, EVERYTHING'S FOR SALE. THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'VE GOT STASHED IN THIS PLACE.

THOSE GOONS CAME OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR LIKE HARLEQUINS LEAPING OUT OF A CLOWN CAR, SO I HEAR YA, TRACY.

THIS WAY. FOLLOW ME.

YOU GUYS ARE SICKOS, YOU KNOW THAT?

IT'S JUST *CRUEL*, YOU KNOW? NASTY.

THIS IS AS FAR AS I'LL GO.

KRRRRRREEEEK

THEY'RE GONE...ALL GONE...

THEY TOOK THEM...TOOK THEM FROM ME... NEED TO FIND THEM...

TOOK WHAT? WAKE UP, MONTY-- WE GOT SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU...

MONTY? MONTY--WE NEED TO TALK--

OH...DEAR GOD...

JESUS CHRIST...

THEY TOOK THEM...THEY TOOK THEM...

...THEY TOOK THEM...*THEY TOOK MY HANDS!*

TRACY! UH, DETECTIVE--

THEY KNEW WE WERE COMING. *SOMEONE* KNEW.

SOMEONE KNEW WE WERE TRYING TO TALK TO MONTY? HOW, TRACY? IT'S NOT POSSIBLE FOR SOMEONE TO BE--

WHAT HAPPENED, GARRITY? WHO'S IN THERE?

TRACY--YOU STILL WITH ME?

ONE MOMENT, PAT.

WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING WITH THAT HEADLINE, TESS? YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE THIS TOWN INTO A FEEDING FRENZY.

I REPORT THE TRUTH--IT'S MY ***JOB***. YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS ANYONE.

THE TRUTH? YOU REPORTED WHAT YOU OVERHEARD IN PASSING AS A STONE-COLD FACT.

IS THAT WHAT PASSES FOR JOURNALISM IN THIS TOWN?

HOW DARE YOU? YOU KNOW I'D ***NEVER***--

YOU NEED TO LEAVE, MISS TRUEHEART. ***NOW***.

THIS IS A CRIME SCENE.

UH, DETECTIVE? TRACY?

WHAT-- WHAT IS IT, GROVE?

WELL, I GOT SOME INFO I THOUGHT YOU AND PAT MIGHT WANT--IT'S ABOUT THE VICTIMS.

GIVE HER A MOMENT, PAT--

SPIT IT OUT, KID. WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY.

WELL, IT'S THE VICTIMS--HILLIKER, STOOGE, INKY...ALL THREE OF THEM...THEY WERE ALL BEING ***INVESTIGATED.*** THERE WERE OPEN CASES ON ALL OF THEM. THEY WEREN'T JUST FANGS'S GOONS.

THESE WERE VERY BAD PEOPLE...

WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN? WE KNEW THESE VICS WEREN'T HONOR ROLL STUDENTS, GROVE--

NO--SHE HAS A POINT, PAT.

WHAT, YOU THINK SOMEONE'S TAPPED INTO THE FORCE? THEY'RE ***SPYING*** ON US?

IT COULD BE THAT--OR IT COULD BE SOMETHING MUCH, MUCH WORSE.

IT MIGHT NOT JUST BE THAT THE BLANK IS SPYING ON US--

--THE BLANK IS A COP.

To Be Continued...

DICK TRACY

MAD CAVE

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MAD CAVE

No.1

KILL TRAIN™

CHG
CHG
CHG
CHG
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CHG
CHG
HSSST

HNNNN...

HELLO...? IS ANYONE-- STILL THERE?

HELP US! OH GOD... SOMEBODY HELP US, PLEASE!

C'MON! WE DON'T GOT A LOT OF TIME.

OH, THANK GOODNESS...

JESUS...

THANK GOODNESS! BLESS YOU! OH, BLESS--

CNCH

GOT ANOTHER ONE TO FINISH OFF OVER HERE!

KAK

CNCH

MAN, THESE *PSYCHOS* LEAVE A FUCKIN' MESS.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, WE'RE GOOD. CALL THE CLEAN-UP CREW.

READ THE FULL STORY IN

KILL TRAIN #1

JANUARY 2025

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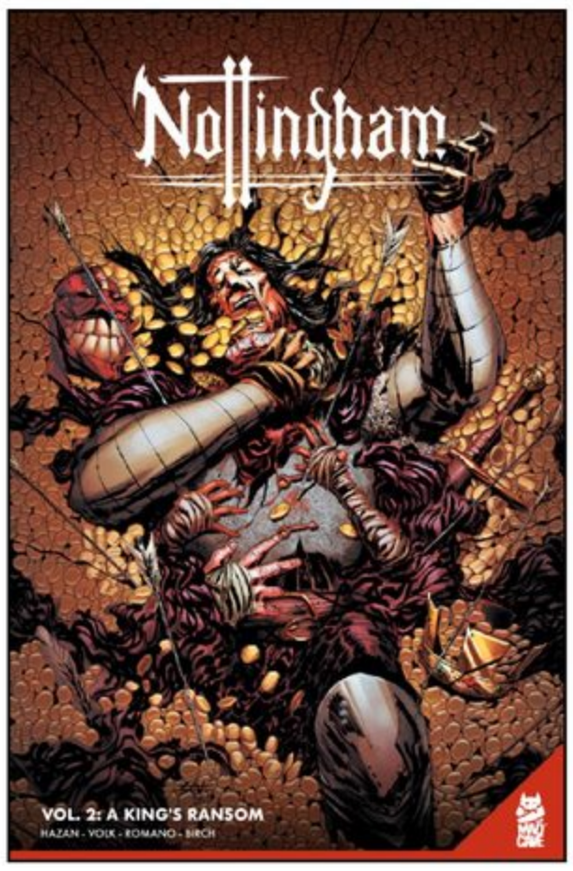

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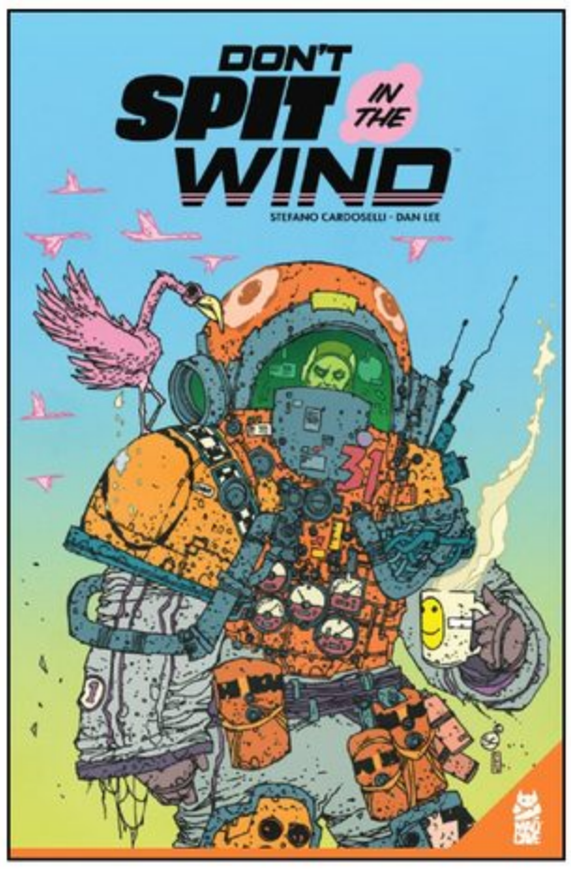

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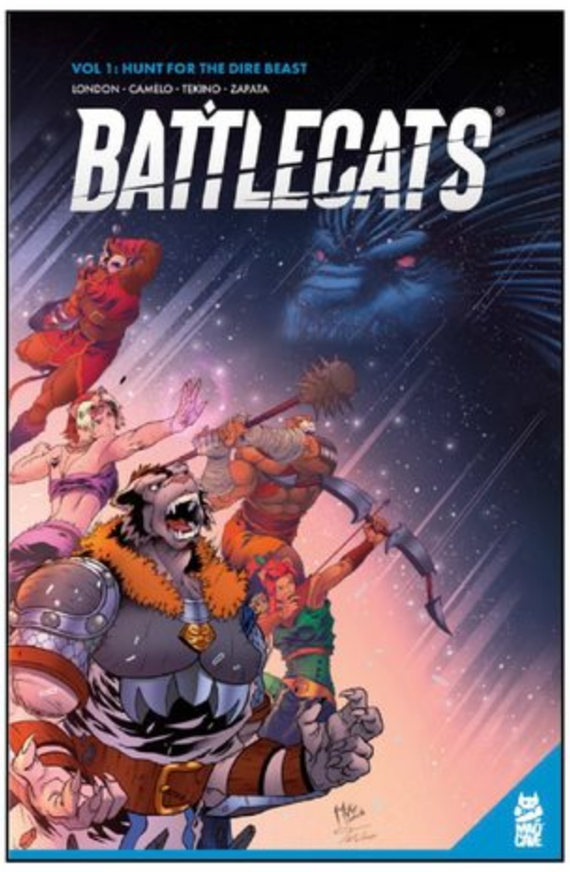

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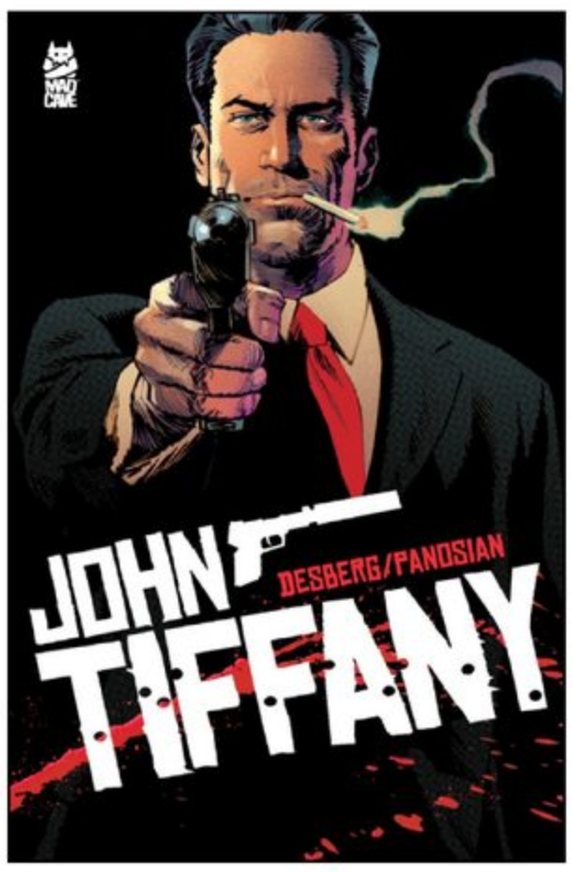

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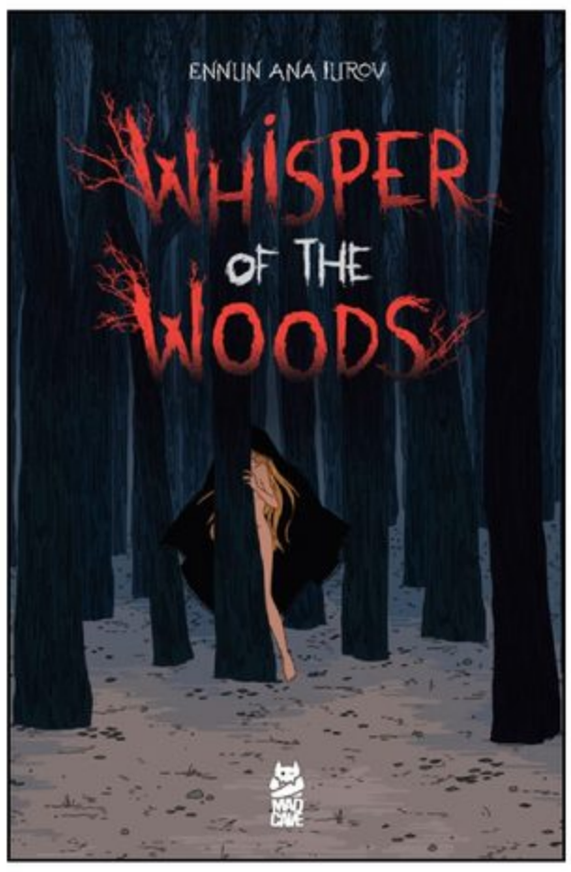

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